

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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MINNESOTA

News items for this column, and subscriptions, should be sent to Wesley Lauritsen, School for the Deaf Faribault, Minnesota.

WOODLAND PICNIC

From four midwest states came about 250 persons to attend the Woodland Picnic on the Peter Andersen farm, near Austin, Minnesota, on Sunday, August 29. The picnic, which was sponsored by the Ala Club, was one of the most successful and best-attended picnics held in southern Minnesota during the past few years.

In a short talk welcoming the visitors to the picnic, Peter Andersen said that it was a deep pleasure to have so many present and he was glad to turn the place over to them to enjoy the day. The wooded grove just north of the Andersen farm house was an ideal place for a picnic and the committee headed by Mr. Andersen had left no stone unturned to assure that all guests enjoyed themselves thoroughly. An Austin lumber yard had kindly loaned the committee a large number of boards and planks from which tables and benches had been constructed, making it possible for all the picnickers to enjoy these facilities while eating their picnic dinners and suppers.

In speaking of the work done by the Ala Club, Mr. Andersen stated that the members were trying to plant seeds of kindness and urged all to remember "that where you sow the seeds of kindness will grow the plant of love." He said that the Ala Club was the symbol of true love and invited those present to join, about fifteen responding to the invitation.

Peter Andersen then called upon Peter Petersen, of Faribault, to speak. The latter responded by saying that he was the former's half brother since they had the same Christian names. Peter Andersen is a good Dane; Peter Petersen is a good Swede; the half brother stuff a joke. Peter Petersen then proceeded to say that he had nothing to say, and would say it. He said it.

During the game period in the afternoon Melvin Meyers of Leland, Iowa, won the cash prize in the balloon slap race for men; the young man's mother, Mrs. Henry Meyers, took the cash prize in the same event for women. The city men defeated the country lads in the caterpillar race and the single men were victorious in the kittenball game. The winners included Watson Gardener, Donald Froehlich, Donald Thurneau, Roy Rodman, Melvin Meyers, Ray Perkins, Clyde Vasey, Lieb, Sprandy and Kvien. After the games a truckload of watermelon was cut up and distributed free—gratis—to all present. It was the finest watermelon we had ever tasted and a real treat to get all you could eat.

A refreshment booth did a thriving business during the day. In charge were Club President William Hillmer and wife, Rudolph Petersen and wife, Arthur Petersen and wife, and Christopher Andersen.

As dark grew on the picnic grounds the headlights of cars from all parts of Minnesota, from Wisconsin, Iowa, and Kansas were turned on and a group of happy folks headed homeward, having met many old friends and made new ones.

We can only mention a few of the more prominent folks who attended the frolic. Thirty-seven from Faribault were there. The Walter Posthusthas, Wade Moore, and Palmer Lee of Iowa, were on deck, as they are at most picnics. From La Crosse, Wis., came Ira Hull and family. His wife

is the former Irne Wagner, a beautiful beauty culture operator who was graduated from the Minnesota School a decade and a half ago. Mr. Hull is back at his old job as a cabinet maker, having returned at the urgent request of his former boss, who gave him a substantial increase in salary. The George Fitzpatricks came from Iola, Kansas, arriving several days before the picnic, they were the guests of the Peter Petersens.

Bill Benson, wife, and fourteen-year-old daughter, were at a large gathering for the first time in a decade and enjoyed themselves immensely. Mr. Benson has owned and operated a shoe repair shop in Spring Valley, Minn., for forty years and reports that he is doing a good business.

Chris Marburger, who runs a small farm near Spring Valley, was at the picnic with his wife and daughter, Gertrude. Mr. Marburger has four grown children and is well on in the years, but hale and hearty and able to do a good day's work.

TURKEYS

We have just made a brief survey of the deaf turkey raisers in Minnesota and publish herewith our findings. This list may not be complete, and we request that any reader who knows of other deaf folks in the state in this business kindly advise us. We will give due notice in this column later on. We should also like to know what is being done in this line in other states. We recall that a college mate, Ed Benedict, of California, was active in this work.

As we have stated before, Francis Walser, of Minnesota Lake, is the king of the growers with 7000 birds. Norman Larson, of Jasper, has about 1000; Donald Stauffer, of Winnebago, has 700; his wife's brother, John Haapalsko, of Deer Creek, has 600; George Dunterman, who married Sophia Larson, sister of Norman, has about 600 birds on his farm at Amiret; and Rad Davis, who is just beginning and who is going to get married soon, is reported to have over 400 on his farm at Bingham Lake.

TRAVELLERS

Toivo Lindholm has gone to Albert Lea where he is operating a linotype for two weeks, assisting Arthur Petersen on a big job.

The Everett Kennedys, of Columbus, Ohio, visited in Faribault on August 30, being enroute to St. Louis from northern Minnesota, where they visited Mrs. Kennedy's mother. Many readers will remember Mrs. Kennedy as Miss Alice Gunderson, who was a teacher at the Minnesota school back in the early twenties. Mr. Kennedy is printing instructor at the Ohio School. Between them, the Kennedys have a boy four and a girl about seven, two charming children.

The Frank Thompsons of Faribault, spent most of the last week in August travelling about in Iowa. They spent three days at the convention of the Iowa Association of the Deaf at Des Moines. They wound up their jaunt at the Woodland Picnic.

Dr. Marne Lauritsen Groff, Galaudet N-22, a former teacher at the Minnesota School for the Deaf, spoke on "The Legitimate Field of the Consulting Psychologist" at the recent convention of the American Psychological Society in Minneapolis. Dr. Groff, little sister to us, was recently in charge of the Psychological Center in San Francisco.

Burton Driggs, for many years superintendent of the North Dakota School for the Deaf, has been appointed superintendent of the Idaho School for the Deaf. Mr. Driggs is a good signmaker, a man with long experi-

ence in the work of educating the deaf, and has impressed us as being a real friend of the deaf.

Arthur Misbe and Eleanor Bergstrom of Flensburg, Minn., were married by Rev. J. L. Salvner in the Zion Lutheran Church in Little Falls, Minn., on August 15, 1937. They are residing with the former's parents in Little Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Weber, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Duea and Henry Knefel, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Koester all had a nice visit with Mr. and Mrs. Vladi Draskowski this summer.

SEATTLE

Sunday, August 22d, about sixty deaf gathered at Lincoln Beach for an all-day picnic in spite of the unsettled weather. Most of them brought their lunch or dinner baskets. The Lutherans, under Chairman J. T. Bodley, served free coffee, ice-cream and cake. There was no special program, except horseshoe pitching by the "barnyard" golf fans.

N. C. Garrison, Ed. Martin and Mr. Summer, after visiting the Tacoma picnic at Point Defiance Park, joined us in the afternoon. When it thundered the rain came in torrents, driving everybody to the sheltered park kitchen with a long cook stove on one side and an immense fire place on the other. The two fires kept us comfortable for an hour, when it cleared and was warm again.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reid and daughter, of Vancouver, B. C., James Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. Hale and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Intosh and daughter, and Holger Jensen, of Tacoma and Olympia, attended the Lutheran's picnic.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Westerman entertained Mr. and Mrs. William Reid and daughter, for a week August 20th, they took the Canadian friends to Mt. Rainier, one of the most wonderful sights on the coast. The whole party of seven and a brown bear, with the minister's hand on its head, had their picture taken together.

Prof. and Mrs. W. S. Hunter and son, Ronald, took Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jack, of Chehalis, to Mt. Rainier, Saturday, August 21, staying till the next day. It rained part of the time. They climbed about 8,000 feet up the mountain and enjoyed a clear view of the valley. A picture was taken with them playing at snowballing. They visited the picturesque Marada Falls. The night was quite chilly, but they had plenty of warm blankets over them in nice beds at one of the numerous attractive cabins. The Hunters stayed and visited with Mr. and Mrs. Jack for a couple weeks before returning to Vancouver. They spent June and July at their lovely cabin in the Olympic mountains.

During the early part of August Mrs. W. S. Hunter visited Mrs. Horace Weston for several days at her apartment in Kent, and took dinner with Mrs. Claire Reeves. Mrs. Weston with her son, Fred, and Mrs. Hunter, motored to Seattle to do some shopping and called on Mrs. N. C. Garrison, who lives close to the business part of our city.

Prof. and Mrs. Lindstrom, of Salem, Oregon, are putting in a new room and a back porch to their home of six rooms this month. Only two of their four children are home, but the Lindstroms entertain considerably, hence the extra room.

Sam Abrahamson was compelled to spend a week at Seattle General Hospital for rest, because of acute rheumatism in his shoulder.

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NEW YORK CITY

Mrs. Mary J. Haight, with her companion, Mrs. Florence Ward, returned to the city just before Labor Day, after spending most of the summer at Ocean Grove, N. J. We all watch her progress with interest as she is the oldest living graduate of the Fanwood School in this city. She will be 91 years old on her next birthday this October. While her health is far from robust, yet she continues to hold her own.

Mr. Joseph Balasa, the famed Philadelphia tailor man, who has been teaching the trade at the Kentucky School for the Deaf, was a visitor in town for a few days last week, being the guest of the Edward Carrs, after a sojourn at his home town first. Mr. Balasa was traveling leisurely with his son, and expects to stop off at Pittsburgh, Columbus and other places before school opens down South.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hummel are now located in their own home in Bloomfield, N. J. On Saturday, September 4th, about two score of their friends descended on their domicile and gave the couple a "House Warming." They were presented with a gift to remember the occasion.

Mrs. Frances N. Snyder has just returned home from a 1,260-mile trip through the New England States. The White Mountains in New Hampshire were very picturesque and wonderful. Mrs. Snyder called at Pine Point, Maine, where Mr. and Mrs. Dana Libby and his family of East Orange, N. J., are spending a two weeks' vacation, and found them all sunburned. They seemed to enjoy the seashore. On the trip she also stopped in each different state for the night (eight states). The historical scenes interested her in Massachusetts. On the way to New York they rode along the shores. Mrs. Snyder greatly enjoyed the delightful trip.

The engagement of Miss Kate Mencher to Mr. Max Lederfiend is announced. Miss Mencher was a former pupil of the 23d Street Day School. Mr. Lederfiend is a graduate of the 1930 class of Fanwood. The marriage will take place sometime in December.

Mrs. Gertrude Solomon is now vacationing at Monticello, N. Y., with Mrs. Maude Metzger. They left the city in Mr. Julius Byck's car on August 21st, and expect to remain up in the country until after Labor Day.

Mr. Mannie Kaminsky's mother passed away recently after a long illness.

Mr. Max Kantrow of this city, who four years ago was admitted to the Pressmen's Home Sanitarium in Tennessee, has been discharged as cured. He is now lingering in the city with a prospective job as a pressman in Newark, N. J., after Labor Day, or as soon as business picks up. He looks bronzed and robust.

Mr. Joseph Mortiller is clerking again after a long time of idleness—first recovering from an accident that he and Mr. Israel Koplowitz were the victims in the vicinity of Newark, New Jersey, and secondly getting tired of too much leisure time.

On Monday morning, August 29th, Mr. James Orman, who spent part of his vacation in this city, left for the West. His destination of course was Jacksonville, where he is a teacher at the School for the Deaf. He had as a companion in his car our Ben Friedwald. They stopped at various places enroute.

(Continued on page 8)

Follow-up Work by Schools for the Deaf

By Frederick J. Neesam

Address delivered at the Eighteenth Triennial Convention of the National Association of the Deaf at Chicago, Illinois

At the beginning I wish to state I am not an authority on this subject. My work has been chiefly with under-graduates. For 33 years I have been connected with the education of the deaf, and while I feel that our schools are doing better work in many ways I cannot but see there is need for improvement. The academic side is being well taken care of. There can be improvement along vocational lines. Great changes have taken place in industry in the last decade or two. The depression has brought out clearly that our graduates are up against the problem of securing and holding jobs as never before.

Several years back there was much talk about restoring the deaf to society. Too many were busy advocating methods which they, the teachers, employed and by which they gained their livelihood. With the passing of the years the futility of this has become apparent to us adult deaf. How we were educated does not matter so much. Whether we have good jobs or not does. To enable the deaf to take their place in industry the schools should not only consider their academic training but prepare them in the technique of getting and holding jobs. This will enable them to stand on equal footing with their hearing brethren. We appreciate that there are leaders in the profession who recognize this and are trying the best they can to train and place their graduates in good positions. Without work the deaf become dependent on relatives or charity. With a good job they take their place in society as a matter of course. Our complicated modern industrial life requires that our schools aid their graduates in finding employment.

This problem of getting work is not confined to the deaf alone. The *Saturday Evening Post* of May 1st, has two articles in which a college graduate found himself, like many others, unable to secure employment. He was pictured as sitting on a park bench in New York City trying to find a solution of what the colleges should do to enable their graduates to secure work. In discussing the article J. P. McEvoy had President Hutchins of the University of Chicago, Henry Ford, John L. Lewis, McEvoy, himself, and others, sitting on the bench also trying to find a solution without much success. The problem is no easy one.

Before we consider follow-up work we must have the proper program of preparation in our schools. We need what is called vocational guidance. The first few years in the vocational department should be devoted to finding the natural aptitude of the pupil and likely opportunities for his employment after leaving school. The last two or more years should be given over to specialization in that for which the pupil seems fitted. It is claimed only a small percent of our graduates follow as their life work the trade they learned at school. I believe that, if more care was taken to find the proper work to teach, we would find a much larger percent in after life employed in occupations for which they were trained.

You are, I take it, familiar with the assembly line method of turning out autos. Starting with the chassis frame, the different parts are added, bit by bit, by men who specialize in their tasks, until at last the completed auto is driven off on its own power. The education of the deaf can well be compared to this. We have the kindergarten, grades and high school teachers, art, domestic science, vocational, physical and athletic instructors, who cooperate in turning out our graduates. There is one great difference. The auto companies have a net work of dealers,

all over the country, to sell their cars. The deaf graduate is, with a few exceptions, turned out to sell himself. Here is where follow-up work should come in.

Some of our states have Labor-Bureaus for the deaf that are doing great work. These came into being through the efforts of state associations of the deaf. This is not very complimentary to our educators. However, I am glad to say some schools are cooperating with them and carrying on a real worth while work.

In my own state, the Wisconsin Association of the Deaf, led by Arthur G. Leisman, its president, sponsored an economic survey of the deaf in Milwaukee and as a result of this survey a bill creating a department of social and industrial service for the deaf was introduced in the Legislature. This bill was favorably acted upon in committee, but the Legislature adjourned July 2, leaving 500 bills that were never acted upon. Our bill was among them. However, the efforts put forth were not without results. As a result of the survey a special worker was placed in Milwaukee to look after the employment of the deaf. So far this Spring and summer he has placed 45 deaf and hard of hearing people. The social and industrial service bill interested and enlightened many prominent people. The State Rehabilitation Bureau intends to have a Department for the Deaf. This will be supported equally by state and federal money. The Milwaukee special worker will work on a state basis.

In suggesting follow-up work by our schools I can recommend the ten-point program outlined in this bill. It provides for a chief who should:

1. Keep in contact with the deaf who have left school and try to secure employment for them.
2. Conduct a state-wide survey of the deaf and hard of hearing.
3. Cooperate with any rehabilitation service in all cases involving deaf persons who need further training for employment.
4. Safeguard the deaf from unjust discrimination.
5. Act as an interpreter for the deaf whenever needed.
6. Help the deaf solve their social and economic problems.
7. Make public information relative to constructive deeds accomplished by the deaf to the end the public will have a better understanding of them.
8. Cooperate with health officers in an effort to reduce the incidence of deafness among children.
9. Advise the deaf or parents of deaf children regarding the best medical treatment and the proper hearing device to use if any.
10. Act as a clearing house for all information pertaining to the deaf and thus facilitate reference by groups or individuals.

The above is what I would offer as follow-up work for schools for the deaf. The subject is one that should command the cooperation of those best fitted to arrange such a program. I would like to see Superintendents BJORLEE of Maryland, Stevenson of California, and Skyberg of New York, the Rev. Warren Smaltz, Mr. Vestal of North Carolina, Mrs. Howard of Minnesota, and Mr. Leisman of Wisconsin, get together and work out a program. I feel sure it would be good.

Perhaps you think my subject, given me by the program committee, more appropriate for the teachers' convention held in New York last June. I believe it offers a golden opportunity to the N. A. D. You have been discussing plans for reorganization. No matter what plan you adopt, if you have nothing worth while to offer the deaf of the nation, it will be futile. To hold the deaf of the country together you must have a program that will benefit the deaf. You must offer them something. If the N. A. D. will devote itself to cooperating with the different state associations and schools

in an effort to secure the adoption of plans along the lines I have just mentioned in the 10-point program, it will be offering something that will bring the deaf of the country together on common ground and make for a strong, united association of the deaf of the nation.

Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. Ida Basham is away from Kansas City for a two weeks' vacation. She is reported to be somewhere in the southern part of Missouri. With the Mrs. gone, George proves to be helpless. He could not wake up by himself at 6 o'clock every morning, so he enlisted the aid of his neighbor who is a detective. Every morning a patrol car stops in front of the Basham residence. A policeman inserts the key in the lock and opens the door. He wakes up Mr. Basham and stays in the house until he feels sure that George does not sneak to bed and falls asleep again. For his service the kind-hearted Basham rewards him with a cigar every morning.

Recently there appeared in the Speaking the Public Mind column in the *Kansas City Star* two interesting articles regarding the deaf. One article was written by Grover C. Farquhar, instructor at the Missouri School for the Deaf; the other by William J. Marra, teacher of the adult education classes here. The titles of the articles were "Seek Place in Life" and "Deaf Are Good Drivers," respectively.

Alfred Cranwill, of East Orange, N. J., has been appointed to head the Kansas State School for the Deaf, succeeding H. J. Menzemer who resigned. Mr. Cranwill will take up the management of the school on September 6th.

Mr. Cranwill, who was born at Jacksonville, Illinois, is 33 years old, and holds degrees from several colleges. For a number of years he has taught in the New Jersey School for the Deaf, and the Newark Day School for the Deaf, where he also had administrative experience. He is also a graduate of Gallaudet College Normal Department.

Chauncey H. Laughlin, instructor of cabinetmaking at the Kansas School for the Deaf, is back in Kansas City, from his trip along the coast of the Atlantic Ocean. He also took a trip to Cuba. Off the coast of Florida Mr. Laughlin had the thrilling experience of his lifetime. He caught a shark, but it broke away, then he landed a big tuna.

A newspaper regarding the activities of the deaf has sprung up here in Kansas City. It is *The Silent Booster*, edited and published by Fred R. Murphy, a graduate of the University of Missouri. While at the university Mr. Murphy specialized in journalism. He holds a B. J. degree.

A poem entitled "A Song of Follow" by Robert E. Haggard, appeared in the Illustrated News Review column of the *Kansas City Journal-Post*, August 20. Young Haggard is a graduate of the Missouri School for the Deaf. He spent a year at Gallaudet College.

The Charles Conradt family has moved to a new location, which is close to the home of Eugene Wait. They visit each other frequently.

The mother of Mrs. Ida Basham suddenly passed away on August 27. We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Basham.

D. O. Wefing left Kansas City for Blackwell, Okla., August 10th. Before coming to Kansas City, he had a good position in a smelter in Blackwell, from which he resigned in the late 1920's. He is trying to get back there again. At this writing he is working there occasionally. We wish him good luck and hope he will get steady work. While he was here he was a likeable chap.

The Brants, formerly of Drexel, Mo., have moved to Kansas City. Welcome to Kansas City, the Brants!

August 14th, the Lutheran congregation, under the chairmanship of

Lewis Butcher, gave a picnic on the grounds of the Indiana Avenue Lutheran Church. Quite a large number attended the picnic. A good time was had by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Clemenz Dillenschneider, in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Fountain Williams, took a motor trip to Topeka, Kan., on Sunday, August 15th, to attend the picnic. They reported a fine time.

Bright, little Esther Brown was in Topeka, Kans., August 15th, attending the picnic given by the deaf Topekan. Little Esther got lost in the strange town. She had to enlist the aid of a policeman, who took her in a patrol car to the picnic. The policeman was so interested in her that he decided to stay for the picnic. After the picnic he escorted easy-to-get-lost Esther to a bus station and saw to it that she took the right bus to Kansas City.

Joseph Bowman of St. Joseph, Mo., was in Kansas City, Sunday, August 22d, visiting his girl friend, Esther Brown.

Roy Baggett was in Olathe, Kans., August 22d. He came back to Kansas City with a wide smile. Asked what that smile was for, he proudly announced that he will be married to Miss Liggett in the fall. We hope you are not "kidding" us, Roy.

August 22d, Mr. and Mrs. Paul S. Curtis gave a Thrill-a-Minute picnic at Swope Park. The picnic was solely for the children of deaf parents. Many young children participated in the affair. Basket dinner was served to those present. A good time was had by all.

Mrs. Lucille Richardson, a member of a picnic party at Swope Park, fell Sunday afternoon, August 22d, and suffered fractures of the left shoulder and left collarbone. She was taken to the General Hospital. At this writing Mrs. Richardson is resting comfortably.

John March, 65, an unemployed deaf-mute, was killed on Saturday, August 21st, when he was struck by a Wabash train near Columbia, Mo. His widow and three young sons survive him.

Harry Davis left Independence, Mo., for Sedalia, Mo., on August 25, to attend the State Fair and to visit his relatives living there. He also visited John Miller, formerly of Kansas City.

August 29

E. W.

Live And Learn

The *Washington Star* has heard of a young lady who went into the country full of a disposition to be interested in rural sights and sounds.

On the second day she saw a farmer walking slowly between the rows of his garden and picking something into a tin dish. She went near, but could not solve the mystery.

"Excuse my ignorance," she said politely, "but I can't see any fruit on these vines."

"No?" answered the farmer.

"No, I don't see anything but leaves and flowers. What are you picking?"

"Tater bugs," said the farmer.

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CHICK-AW-GO!

No. 5

By J. Frederick Meagher

"He jests at scars, who never felt a wound!"
And that is why, beloved friends, I think
The best write-up of us who hear no sound
Was written by ill-fated Carol Frink!

Tuesday's papers probably gave our tiny convention more "human-interest" publicity than any of Chicago's hundreds of conventions received this year. The best spreads were in my own morning *Herald & Examiner*; a capable editorial and a swell feature-article. Editorial, "An Example of Courage," ended:

Those who, with less reason than theirs, are downhearted and discouraged, should remember this: Life can still be kind to those who look upon its brighter side. Whatever these deaf-mutes can accomplish for themselves, they are incidentally setting a splendid example for unfortunates of every rank.

But the full-column feature, with a couple of three-col. pictures of last night's ball, was a peachero. By-lined "By Carol Frink." Poor little Carol! One of America's outstanding "might have beens," Carol knows the caprices of Fate! None better. Some 15 years ago, coming to my sheet as the little girl reporter, she fell for, and married, the kid at the adjoining desk, a handsome, irresponsible ne'er-do-well genius named Charles McArthur. Their marriage failed to jell; they were divorced. Today this McArthur is rolling in wealth—McArthur and Hecht, fiction and movies. "Front Page," etc. He is now husband of Helen Hayes, stage-star; he was one of that champagne party, going to the Olympiad, which resulted in firing Eleanor Holm Jarrett off the swimming team—still "Front-Page" news every few months. Yes; Carol Frink knows the ache of Fate's caprices, her story was a whizz.

The other Tuesday papers certainly featured us for benefit of Chicago's three million residents. The afternoon *American* had a half-column on "seek state tests of babies for deafness." And stressing Pres. Kenner's yelp about WPA jobs; "With a microphone in front of him—although no one knew why—Kenner's flying fingers shouted: 'A deaf man can dig a ditch as easily as one who can hear!' and the 'listeners' applauded."

The huge lobby of the massive Hotel Sherman flaunts banners galore. "Texas Next." "Los Angeles Next." "Denver, 1940." "Miami, 1940." Chi-Oral-106 scores a grand-slam in its perpetual rivalry (beautiful brotherhood rivalry, but spirited nevertheless) with Chi-First frats, by posting a huge welcome sign, advertising its Division. The Oralists cluster all around me and grin aggravatingly as I read it. They seem so happy at slipping over a fast one on old man Spotlight. Go right on grinning, ye slickers. As old Troy Hill loves to say: "There'll come a day!"

Yes; there'll come a day!

Box in lobby full of cloth flowers—some sort of eye-splitting yellowish-orange and green; lot of little printed cards; "Los Angeles Next. Name . . . Address . . . City . . . Sign, drop in box, you may win a free trip to Los Angeles." Dear old Los Angeles, one of the most alluring pages in my Golden Book of Memories. I sigh, sign, and drop; but it don't do me no good nohow.

Business meeting starts well after program-hour of 9; Denver's Rev. Grace says grace—say, did that program comm. of Northern, Leisman and Muriel Bishop purposely "pun" the prog—Grace's grace? Grace must be the best preacher in Deafdom, for he lives one mile nearer Heaven—"Denver, the Mile High City." But I take that back; mustn't make fun of the Rev. Grace; for recently he proved a hero, jumping, fully-clothed, into one of those cruelly-swift icy mountain torrents to save the life of a little girl. Grace used to run on the

crack Gallaudet relay team in the U. of Penna. relays. Splendid chap; even-dispositioned; I like him. So will you when you get to know him.

"Communications." Heavenly daze; nine wires and twelve letters to read. That's a silly custom. Men and women here spend \$200 attending, and never get their names in the minutes; while some pinch-penny living only 50 miles away can get his name printed by buying a three-cent stamp. Phooey! One wire is from the Governor of North Carolina. Best letter: Harry Swartzlose, San Francisco: "Make Good—Do Good—Be Good." I like a man of few words. Best telegram: the tenth (which Sec'y Sedlow does not read, but which I copy while nosing around): "Dear NAD am on boat Cleveland, then train Chicago, everything okay, your loving son." And the signature—which I mercifully omit.

President Kenner calls up his favorite Vice—I mean his vice-president, not his shortcomings, if any—and thanks three committees for meritorious and extra-ordinary services: Local Committee, Exhibit Committee, and the Program Committee. I puff out my chest in pride, sitting up at the press-table, and glance around expecting to see all the pretty girls smiling in wide-eyed approbation (for I'm on the Exhibit Com.) Not a single girl evens eyes me, much less smiles. Aw, guess I'll join a monastery and become a monk!

Kenner then reads his presidential address—as long as a Chinaman's que. Already been printed in this paper. Has some eye-openers, if you have the patience, please. Such as: "The deaf as a class, are the only group not receiving direct benefits under the Social Security Act." if I understand unplain English. Yet the lobby, downstairs, likely even now throngs with more "Whattd-I-care" deafies who won't buy a badge nor join the NAD to help themselves, yet gladly sponge off the chance to meet and mingle, this same NAD provides them, than the number present right here in meeting.

Add Historical Epoch: This Chicago convention is the first NAD gathering to have all reports of standing committees, boards, etc., printed in advance. Makes 34 large pages, small type; great idea. Only catch in it is—when do we get a chance to read it before going home? I'd rather buzz around the beautiful beehive of blooming blossoms, especially the Gallaudet coo-eds—than commit to heart the startling information that vice-presidents sometimes failed to vote on matters before Executive Board, Orman 5 and Stewart 4; that the outgoing administration waited almost ten months to turn over funds to present officers; that the depression has depressed our "paper value" of \$15,000, roughly, in Endowment Fund, to around \$4,000 or \$5,000. I debate with myself whether to sneak off alone for a couple of hours and digest all the important points in this printed booklet, or stay right here and oogle all the pretty girls. I'll have the booklet with me all winter; but the pretty girls will be scattered all over the nation. Give you three guesses as to which way I vote to act.

Correct! Your intelligence is amazing! You guessed it first crack out of the box. I like to write for such smart readers as you are. Go right on reading, please.

A couple of the clergy—Fletcher and Hasenstab—move the president's report be accepted with thanks. So ordered.

In my youth, the most popular roadside billboard sign was simply "SSS"—some sort of patent medicine, long extinct—which harassed the eye as I drove old Dobbin adown the turnpikes with some bucolic belle in the rickety rented rig. And "SSS" recurs when Secretray Sedlow's report is moved accepted, subject to auditors' scrutiny, by Seaton; seconded by Miss

Sherman. (Note to JOURNAL linotype; if your magazine runs out of capital SSS's, use some \$\$ dollar signs, and pare off tails and flanges, on slug with pen-knife. No charge for this valuable information—glad to oblige a promising apprentice.)

(Oh, oh, oh! After 15 minutes, trying to decipher my notes, I give up. Seems Miss McLeod, Sharpnack, Scarvie, Ebin, Lauritsen, Northern, Hasenstab, and others, moved, seconded, thirded or debated various topics—but if even a veteran convention-coverer like old man Meagher can't write a readable summary, then heaven help the poor secretary when he comes to compiling his minutes for official persual. Seddy is up on the stage, sitting with Kenner, and looking as sad as is Will-lye Myles, our eminent baseball statistician, every time Pittsburgh pick loses to the coming-world-champ Cubs).

Somebody is bothering Seddy every few minutes, distracting his attention on plea of "necessary business." Seddy gives me a quiet "You cover doings," every time some sap bothers him; but if he thinks I'll prove a help in his hour of Gethsemane, he is out of luck. I can't make sense of my notes. Can you?

Here's another of the 77 pests who tap my shoulder, and pump my hand like a long-lost brother, and start a breezy conversation. I should waste my young life discussing the Cubs' pennant chances while business is bizzing; so make another enemy by rudely telling him where he gets off, and again turn my attention to the platform.

What's doing? Kenner is using his "streamlined sign-style" as Emma Seeley of Omaha styles it, to rush through business—heaven bless him. Ah, yes; seems while that pest was pestering me, they came to Sedlow's suggestion that the *Silent Broadcaster* of California be made official organ of the NAD. Hum; plenty of good arguments for and plenty against. Ah, Dr. Fox, editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—which for some 50 years has been either official, or unofficial, expression of our NAD, even way back when it had only 75 members under leadership of the versatile but vitrolitic Veditz—gets up. Fox is the only charter-member here; his words get respectful attention. Says he wants us to have our own paper. Matter seems to be tabled for later.

Here's Stewart's moving picture film committee report. Says he has custody of some \$4,000 worth of films, starting as far back as 30 years ago. Mostly in expensive 35-mm size, same as used by Hollywood; wants them reproduced on cheap 16-mm. film; will cost around \$500. Much discussion. Matter finally tabled until after we see some of the NAD films shown on screen in this Bal Tabarin, tomorrow night, after returning from the steamer ride. (I hear they have just marketed first-class film even smaller than 16 mm.; costs less than half as much; Stewart's crack committee may save us money by investigating).

Discussion again brings up that "steal" of 1917—when logrolling switched \$1,000 from the motion picture funds into the Endowment Fund; a perpetual pet-peeve of those earnest souls ever since. Also the fact there are dozens of capable deaf cameramen now making their own movies, where there were none way back then. This little old world sure does move fast.

Lauritsen pushes through a new law requiring candidates for NAD office to possess three years previous membership. Reasonable. No fratter can be an officer of his division without a year's duration; three years is all too little for "rising from the ranks" here.

Here comes the highlight of the day. Bristol brings up suggested change in laws, enabling Executive Board to

fire its non-workers. After one month's "neglecting to answer correspondence or respond to mail-vote," or some such safety-valve. Seaton wants to extend this to three months. Orman wants to omit it altogether. (Yah; he would—he is listed as "not voting" on five matters.) Gangway; clear the tracks; here I come:

"This NAD is like a school. You folks are the student body. You elect the head-coach, Kenner here, and elect seven men whom he must make a winning team of. Then you sit at home all year and kick because he don't win in the battle for your bread-and-butter—because you gave him poor team-material. He may see much better players in our student-body; but under your fool rules, he can't substitute for the sleepy-heads or the laggards. Hold 'em Yale; let the coach substitute as he pleases—you ingrates are sure to kick anyway, so who cares?"

(To save my life, can't find anything in my notes on vote. So won't know outcome until minutes are printed. Adjourn—or rather "recess"—at 12:30; for lunch. Afternoon doings next week).

To be continued.

Kept His Promise

Much is said in these days about the want of obedience to parental authority displayed by the rising generation, but an incident in which the contrary spirit was manifested is narrated by a prominent Western lawyer.

His twelve-year old son, a boy of great spirit but with no overabundance of strength, went to pass a vacation with a cousin who lived on the banks of a broad river. His father, in his parting instructions, placed only one restriction upon the boy's amusements during his visit.

"I don't want you to go out in your cousin's canoe," he said firmly. "They are used to the water, but you are not, and you haven't learned to sit still anywhere, as yet. You'll be there only a week, and with all the other amusements the boys have, and the horses and dogs, you can afford to let the canoe alone for this time, and keep your mother from worrying all the while you're away."

The boy readily gave the desired promise. On his return he was enthusiastic over the pleasures he had enjoyed.

"And I didn't mind not canoeing a bit, pa," he said, addressing his careful parent with a beaming smile. "The boys taught me how to swim, and the only time they used the canoe was the last day, to go over to the other shore. But I remembered my promise, and I wasn't going to break it the last day. So I swam across!"

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1937

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX, *Editor*
WILLIAM A. RENNER, *Business Manager*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by New York School for the Deaf, at 163d Street and Riverside Drive) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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VICTOR O. SKYBERG, M.A.
Superintendent

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves
And not for all the race."

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ON JUNE 6th last the National Educational Association, at its meeting at Detroit, presented a pageant depicting the life of Horace Mann, as an observance of the hundredth anniversary of his selection as Secretary of the State Board of Education of Massachusetts. In becoming its first secretary he earned the title of "father of the American public school." This was attained at the expense of his personal fortune, as he gave up a growing law practice to take the position. With a salary of \$1,500 a year he had to meet the expenses of his clerical assistance and the cost of travel.

He went over the country preaching the gospel of public education, often with barely enough to eat. At the time there was little enthusiasm concerning public education. There had been free education in Massachusetts, as in other parts of the country, since colonial times. In 1812 New York had appointed a State superintendent of public instruction, the first of the States to do so. In some parts of the country there were Latin schools and academics open only to those who could pay. The country was interested at the time in opening a wilderness and paid little attention to its educational facilities.

Horace Mann and his followers devoted themselves to reviving public education which the early settlers had fostered. Today the result of his work is apparent all over the United States. The country has long passed the ideal of a common school education for all of its children, and the benefit has also extended to the blind and to the deaf. We have a hazy recollection of once having read somewhere of a difference of opinion between Mr. Mann and Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet as to the propriety of having the deaf educated by a single method, but cannot trace it.

In his day it was the exceptional boy who advanced beyond the common school course. At the present time there are millions of boys and girls in high schools, most of them in public high schools. In the public and endowed colleges the enrollment is over a million. Had the father of the American public school system been present at the pageant in his honor and memory he would have had reason for pride in the result of his propaganda made a hundred years ago.

In recognition of Mr. Mann's interest in the education of the deaf by and through Speech, in May, 1877, the board of the school for the deaf at Boston, Mass., passed a resolution to name it the Horace Mann School for the Deaf. In a report in 1843 Mr. Mann gave an account of the method of teaching articulation to the deaf as he saw it in Germany. He urged its introduction into the schools of this country. The Boston school, a part of the public school system of Massachusetts, for the improvement of which Mr. Mann worked zealously, had adopted this method of instruction, so there seemed a peculiar appropriateness in giving his name to it.

MISLED by the enthusiasm for health and athletic exercises well-meaning people are occasionally inclined to question the wisdom of devoting so much time and thought to old tried and true methods employed in the elementary education of young children. The three R's have been held up to ridicule as relics of other days, and as having received more attention than is absolutely needed.

We are told that many good people, wholly lacking in the ability to read and to write, have become successful in business affairs in the face of education deficiencies. What is needed, it is argued, is a reveling sound body in good health. This is important beyond any question, yet it is possible to attain such results without neglecting mental training. In this age the odds against those lacking a fair education are too many; the day of the self-made man who does not possess educative training is on the decline, if we are to judge from the requirements of the average want advertisements for people above the grade of common laborers. Only a little longer will men or women of eminence in business be able to point to success despite meager educational advantages.

It may be noted that the last stronghold of the "self-made" man is politics, but even in politics success must soon pass on to men trained in political science. Non-educated men hold prominent positions now, and probably will for sometime. But the technical knowledge, be it in sciences, business management or sociological conditions, needed for advancement, is fast becoming so complicated that very few men, indeed, will be able to acquire it unaided. It is a fact that all educated people are not equally successful in life, so much being depended upon individuality and character, but their opportunities for self-improvement are superior to the uneducated, considering the increase in new inventions and appliances. Electricity, for instance, really spelled the doom for the "self-made" man, because the complicated machinery of industry has made it increasingly dif-

ficult for the untrained man to forge his way to the top.

Returning to the consideration of the old standby, there are distinct rumblings in educational circles suggesting that there may be some sense in methods of instruction which have been considered as "old fashioned." Whether this be the case or not, there is an unmistakable onward trend to give heed to renewed calls for the "McGuffey Readers," especially as a means toward improving morality in the young of the present day. It is gradually dawning on the minds of people of today that the old method has merits which the present-day system lacks. It has become apparent in the acquirement and results of the reading habit, and has led to a widespread plea for the return of 'McGuffeyism.' Its moral influence is praised as a remedy of the ills in the youths of today. This is equally applicable to the training of the deaf as to hearing children. There is soundness in the logical reasoning in the school readers for each of the moral principles written into the books. As McGuffey insisted, we cannot imbibe morals from the air as we do germs, without knowing it. McGuffey societies are spreading over all parts of the Middle West, and recently a celebration was held on the campus of Oxford University, Ohio, where McGuffey was at one time a professor. Attention was directed to the value of a return to his teachings.

In New York City a group of parents has been organized for the purpose of inculcating modern children with the "old-fashioned" virtues by returning the McGuffey Readers to the school curricula. Speaking of this movement Superintendent of Schools Harold G. Campbell is willing, but expressed the opinion that "You can't put an 1840 book into the hands of 1937 children. If parents want it, I'm perfectly willing, but it will have to be thoroughly revised and brought up to modern educational standards by our text-book committee."

IN A comment that recently appeared in this column there was no intention of reflecting upon, or implying that all the group mentioned were lacking in giving active encouragement to the aims of the N. A. D., or of being lukewarm in advocating the welfare of their fellows.

One of the group happens to be a broker and a competent business man, who has ever been conspicuous for his sincere interest in the deaf and their advancement. He has been a generous contributor in service of his time, his pen and his purse to whatever might tend to improve their well-being. In many instances he has proven a quiet and effective brother of mercy to many needy deaf people. His long and efficient cooperative service in the N. A. D. is well known to those who are personally acquainted with him. They admire and respect his largeness of mind and heart, being certain of his aid in any project tending to be helpful to those deserving encouragement.

"I shall have to get rid of the new chauffeur," he told his wife. "He nearly killed me today."

"Oh, give him," said she, "just one more chance, dear!"

OMAHA

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar M. Treuke and Miss Viola Tikalsky had a grand vacation trip to several western National Parks in July. They started out with "Oscar Maxwell" at the wheel, going first to Denver and Cheyenne, then Yellowstone Park, where the ambitious Viola got her picture taken with a couple of cub bears, and no bites. Mother bear was standing not far away and staring at her. They went on to Salt Lake City and visited old friends. Then to Bryce Canyon, Zion National Park and the Grand Canyon. Back to Denver calling on the Holways, Collins and others for one day. They also stopped at Fort Morgan to see the Urbachs, former Nebraskans, then home. They were among the mountains for nearly two weeks. The Treukes have been west before, but it was Viola's first trip and was she impressed?

Norman G. Scarvie, who gave a response to addresses of welcome in Chicago, is an Iowan and proud of it. He speaks English and Norwegian equally well. Is a minister's son, married and has two fine children. A Gallaudet graduate, former football captain, instructor of bookbinding at the Iowa School. Retiring secretary of the I.A.A.D. and withal, modest as they make 'em in Iowa where the tall corn grows, right now. Ain't that somethin'?

Mrs. Eva Comp spent two weeks in Ravenna, Neb., visiting an old classmate, Miss Maggie Knies. On her way home she stopped with the Ziba L. Osmuns at Stromsburg for a couple days, and stayed a day with the Cris Wiesemans at Osceola.

Mrs. Duncan Cameron and daughter, Betty, of Delavan, Wis., stopped in Omaha a few days visiting friends. They were enroute home from their annual visit with Mrs. Cameron's folks in Nebraska City. They attended the National Association of the Deaf convention in Chicago and also the Iowa Association of the Deaf convention at Des Moines. While in Omaha they were the guests of the Scott Cuscadens. Mr. and Mrs. Oscar M. Treuke, Misses Clara Purpura and Viola Gleeson, Eugene Fry and Owen Study also attended the Iowa convention.

Mrs. Eva Comp entertained informally at the Nebraska School for Mrs. Alvis L. Hurt of Los Angeles, on Saturday evening, August 28. Miss Martino of Connecticut, and Miss Murphy of Missouri, were among those present, as they were stopping on their way back to Arizona after a vacation in the east. Miss Martino, a Gallaudet graduate, drove all the way from Connecticut without a mishap. Animated conversation sped the hours away till midnight and light refreshments wound up a very pleasant evening. The two young ladies were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Sowell.

Miss Viola Tikalsky gave a jolly little dinner-party Thursday evening, August 26, at her apartment for Mr. and Mrs. Scott Cuscaden, Miss Ruth Neujahr and Charles Falk.

Art Sherman of Kansas City, Kans., who has been in Omaha on business for several days has returned home. He had been in Rock Island, Ill., Davenport, Iowa, and attended the N. A. D. convention in Chicago, the Iowa convention at Des Moines, and the Illinois State convention.

Abe Rosenblatt who came down from Kansas City, Mo., on business two weeks ago is still in Omaha. He is mighty lonesome for his spouse and little son. He says the little fellow is going to be a football star and a boxer some day, and adds that he will likely be president of the United States. Ho! hum!

The speech of the Rev. Warren M. Smaltz as printed in the D. M. J. is the best thing we have seen for ages concerning what ails the deaf in general. We hope it gets a lot of publicity where it will do some good. For example, in the l. p. f.

HAL and MEL.

PHILADELPHIA

News items for this column should be sent to Howard S. Ferguson, 250 W. Sparks St., Olney, Philadelphia, Pa.

From way down South—Alabama in fact—has come Miss Margaret Reneau to take up abode in our fair burg. Miss Reneau was not stranded in the big city when she arrived as Brother Finis—you all know Finis, the one who was born with three darts in his mouth instead of the customary silver spoon—took her in tow at his home in Olney until such time as Margaret could land a job. Before long, through the Rev. Henry Pulver, Miss Margaret secured work at the home of Mrs. Charles Partington's married daughter, Mrs. Aitkens, of West Philadelphia. Miss Reneau states Philadelphia startles her by its vastness. Who wouldn't be after living on a farm in Oneonta, Alabama, all her life. By the way, she spent nearly a year working in Richmond, Va., before coming here.

The Farr-Louis bout, blow by blow, was brought to a hundred pairs of eyes at the Silent Athletic Club on Monday night, August 30th, via the air waves, then via the keen ears of Mr. Joseph L. Lipsett, and then finally via his nimble fingers that rattled off the announcing as fast as they were announced. Nothing was left out and for once we deafies knew that Jolting Joe had on pretty purple tights and Tony-pandy Tommy was dressed in mourning black—all this thanks to Joe (Lipsett if you please). So, kind folks, remember the next time the Brown Bomber is defending his title, come up to the SAC and buy a ring-side seat for one thin dime—this being charged to non-members.

Labor Day holidays saw Philadelphia virtually deserted of its deaf population. Down the seashore, Atlantic City and Wildwood, the deaf colony was vastly overcrowded all three days. Once more the biggest jump proved to be Wildwood, with twenty-five people quartered in one hotel—the Savoy—not to mention the various cottages and bungalows. Over in Morton, Pa., just outside Philadelphia, the fresh spring water swimming pool and cooling picnic grove attracted another handsome crowd of finger-wagglers, on Sunday, the 5th. Even Labor Day saw many folks come and go up at the school grounds in Mt. Airy. It is deeply regretted that there was no attraction there as is the case on Labor Day. The school gym is being prettied up for the school opening on the 8th. What about us? Oh, we stayed home to get this column off our chest.

Coleville was thrown open to a party of friends by mine host, the genial Bob Coley, the guy with the violinist haircut, over Saturday afternoon to Monday, Labor Day night. Said party of friends consisted of the Bauerle Beauties—Martha and Anna, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Carlin, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Call and Junior Bloom—the latter three from New York, besides the aforementioned mine host.

September is now upon us bringing with its school days. Wonder what kind of a football team P. S. D. will have? It also brings hay fever—witness friend Harry Dooner sneezing away every now and then. It also brings the deaf population back to its full strength by returning vacationers, which means we will have to be bored with "Lemme tell you about my trip to Whooskoosh?" It also means the blossoming out of socials right and left, which will mean the vacating of our summer hibernation, ye tappe roome. This in turn will provide plenty of chatter (we hope) for this column instead of filling it up with trash such as this paragraph. But worst of all—it brings sweet thoughts to the good wife of a new fur coat, what with the three kids needing shoes and such for the opening of school. Ouch!

Going anywhere this coming Satur-

day, the 11th? Nope? Well, hop on No. 23 and ride to Mt. Airy. The good ladies of the F. G. Club are throwing a "Peach Festival," with ice-cream and homemade cakes to keep the peaches company. Oh yes, there will be plenty of doings besides eating. There will be prizes galore. Fifty cents gives you the liberty of walking into Gilpin Hall in the evening.

Short and Sweet—Br'er Wolf, of the broken leg, is now perambulating around in a wheel chair. Mr. Balasa, from Kentucky, suh, is still in these parts due, suh, to delay in making Br'er Wolf a suit, which was in formation when the leg went back, suh—Miss Eleanor Shore is spending three weeks at AC, soaking in Ole Sol's healing rays—The boy friend, Leroy Gerhard, is back in town after Hazletoning all summer. Ditto Mr. La Rocco (Fatty to his friends)—Printer Kier just passed his auto driving test, which means that Santa Claus will probably leave a Plymouth in his sock this coming Xmas. Maybe a Willys if sock isn't big enough.—"What's the matter with the Labor Bureau?" is the usual question these days. Keep your shirt on, friends. It's bound to open up soon. Cause of delay seems to be that the big boss in Harrisburg went away on vacation.—As we've stated before September brings the end of vacations. So keep your eyes open and your mouth shut and things will happen. As for us—we're okay.

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Mrs. A. M. Adam, 5 Fairholt Road N, Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

HAMILTON

The following is a clipping from the *Hamilton Spectator* of August 28. A deaf motorist and his passenger, likewise afflicted, were injured slightly, and a third person suffered minor hurts last night in a traffic mishap involving two automobiles and a motor bus, six miles east of Edmonton. Those injured were: Anival B. Shepherd, 20, Toronto; Miss Mane White, 21, of Rivers, Man., and Francis Flintoff, Fort Saskatchewan, Alta.

An Edmonton-bound car, driven by Shepherd, a deaf-mute, collided with a bus bound for Vegreville, Alta., and crashed into Flintoff's car.

Some of the boys here have been talking of going to the big picnic in Detroit on Saturday before Labor Day, and afterwards going round by London to attend the Springbank there, but their plans don't seem to be very definite as yet.

On Sunday, August 29th, Mr. and Mrs. Williams of Kitchener, motored to Hamilton with their daughter, Edina, and son, Hardie, and a friend; and kindly took me with them for a delightful drive out past Burlington and back to the beach where we spent a pleasant afternoon; afterwards returning to Fairholt Road, to spend the evening. Mr. Williams and myself both hail from "bonnie Scotland," where we have mutual friends, and enjoy an exchange of news and a chat over old times.

On Wednesday afternoon, September 1st, the writer and daughter, Dorothy, paid a visit to the Toronto Exhibition, which was much enjoyed in spite of the sizzling heat.

Owing probably to the infantile paralysis scare the attendance at the Exhibition has not been so good as in previous years.

Soon after reaching the Exhibition we came across Mr. and Mrs. W. Roman and later in the evening quite a family party appeared in the shape of Mr. and Mrs. David Peikoff, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harris and Mrs. Doyle. Like ourselves, they had no luck in "treasure hunt."

In one part of the grounds a very clever artist was making silhouettes at two for 35 cents. His only tool was a tiny pair of scissors. The whole operation—cutting and pasting on cards took him under three minutes!

In those he did of Dorothy the likeness is quite unmistakable.

On Sunday afternoon, Sept. 19th, the services at Centenary Church will re-open, when Mr. Green is expected to take charge.

TORONTO

"Buttons" Thomson had somehow, somewhere been told by someone that if she stood close enough to the roaring waters of Niagara Falls, her hearing would be restored. Being of the type who thinks twice before she believes once, she went with a crowd persuaded to witness a miracle in the making. It was not long before her hopes were dashed to pieces because she came home deafer than ever. However, she was able to brag to her friends in Toronto that at least she heard the thunder of the Falls on August 22nd. She brought some souvenirs to her delighted friends.

Mrs. William Watt was a guest of her nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Golds of Barrie on August 22nd.

Miss Beulah Wilson has returned to Toronto after two months' stay in Muskoka, where she was employed in one of the famous resort hotels.

Mr. Chas. McLaughlin was the last man in the world to suspect that something unexpected would happen on August 20th. When he walked nonchalantly into the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson upon their invitation for a social call he was suddenly surrounded by twenty merry-makers gathered for a birthday party in honor of the incumbent president of the Toronto Division Fraters. Returning home from the party everybody had nothing but praise for the host and hostess for making the evening one long to be remembered.

Not for some time has Mrs. Margaret Roman been able to indulge in the luxury of a vacation. Such a glorious opportunity came her way three weeks ago when her old friend from Boston descended upon Toronto and invited her to be her house guest in Boston for a month. This friend used to be a next door neighbor of Mrs. Roman when they were in Toronto and had become fast friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bowen, accompanied by Miss Pearl Hermon, motored to Cookstown and Barrie during the week-end of August 21st. Besides Pearl's introduction to Roy's farmyard cousins, she joined the Bowen couple in making the social rounds of friends in Barrie.

During one of the hottest afternoons recently Jack Morrison forsook his printer's apron to don overalls and wide-brimmed hat to pitch hay and pick apples on a farm some distance from Toronto. Jack's intention to play a farmer all summer was cut short, much to his consternation, by an unexpected onset of hay fever, which compelled him to return to the city.

Mr. H. W. Roberts, a former JOURNAL correspondent, ran into hard luck sometime ago when he missed a step and fell down the cellar stairs. Infection developed into the afflicted leg and his doctor ordered confinement to bed for several weeks. As soon as he recuperates fully he expects to strike out of Toronto on his annual vacation which, curiously enough, usually occurs as the Toronto Exhibition is in progress.

Mrs. Charles Wilson has been receiving many condolences from friends in her bereavement over the sudden death from heart failure of her father, Mr. Casey of Beaverton. The sorrowing daughter, in company with her husband, attended the funeral and spent some time with her widowed mother to console her in so irreparable a loss.

Deserting the stultifying urban moisture, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jaffray bit off chunks of fresh and bracing air during their two-day sojourn on the shores of Lake Simcoe. Nothing renews youth more rapidly than to be outdoors among the pines and cooling waters, as the Jaffrays will tell you.

Mr. Vicor Shanks is sporting a broad grin these days. Gone are the days when he had to hoof it on un-

bearable paved streets as a desperate unemployed. Vic has finally gravitated into a job exactly to his taste, with attractive environment and personnel thrown in for good measure. While for the present his duties are light, nevertheless, Vic spends many hours of voluntary study and research in the laboratory of a Toronto Electrical concern. His future career as an electrical engineer is now in the making and Vic is resolved to turn every opportunity to his advantage.

Mr. David Lennox passed away in Barrie Hospital on August 25th, after a lengthy illness.

It was the unanimous verdict of all present at a picnic on Halan's Point on August 18th, that for once Rudyard Kipling was all wrong in his idea that East is East and West is West and never the twain will meet. Miss Lucy Buchan, an adopted Winnipegger and Miss Jean Paterson, a Saskatoon-er, met on the friendliest terms with their Toronto friends honoring them at this picnic. Some went swimming before the attack began on tempting food laid out on a table under the spreading tree by the side of glistening lake waters. Excitement ran high on two different intervals when a ball was wildly thrown into the river. By home-made signalling the party managed to woo a paddler out of his course to restore the ball to the crowd on the beach. Man asserted his superiority over woman in a game of baseball when the males won by 13 to 9 in spite of the fact that they had to bat and catch ball with one hand. Those present were:—Mrs. Buchan, mother of Lucy, Carrie Buchan, Adele Lowson, Jack Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Baskerville and children, Mr. Shilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rosnick and son, Mr. and Mrs. F. Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. F. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. D. Peikoff, Miss Annabelle Thomson and Iona Osborne.

Variety spices life is the explanation given to their friends by Mr. and Mrs. Awford, parents of Mr. Frank Harris, as they left Simcoe with relatives for an indefinite stay in this region. The Awfords, despite their age, enjoy nothing better than change of scenery and people, and they propose to be guests with relatives by turns before they return. For the first few days Mr. Frank Harris felt like a lost babe in the woods without those valuable potato and apple peeling services of Mr. Awford. Frank lamented the absence of apple pies on his menu and was reminded by his wife to cultivate the flower of patience in his garden of virtues until Mr. Awford, the expert baker, comes back to fuss in the oven.

WATERLOO COUNTY

Mr. Frank Aubrey, a good friend of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Williams, from Montreal, spent a few days here as their guest. After travelling over New York, he found Kitchener a quiet, restful place and hopes to come again for a longer visit.

Miss Jessie Marshall, who is now housekeeper for Mr. W. Hagen and family, says she is very happy here and likes Kitchener better than Arthur, where she was rather lonesome.

Three girls from Galt, the Misses Youngs, Stoner and McNish, were in the city recently.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Williams, with their daughter, Edina, and son, Hardie, motored with a friend to Hamilton on Sunday, August 29th, and took Mrs. A. Adams along with them to Burlington and had a nice time by the Lake, and then returned to the Adam's place, where they had a lovely supper.

Dan Williams is enjoying his time on a tobacco farm near the Fair grounds, where he expects to be for six weeks.

Mrs. Charles Golds and Mrs. L. B. Moynihan went to Speedville on 25th of August, and had tea at Mr. L. Nahrang's farm, where Mrs. Mason is staying, and had a lovely time all afternoon.

Miss L. B. Moynihan of Windmere Court, is holidaying in Brantford, where she was also one of the many who attended the Old Home Week.

Bob's Stratagem

He who ardently wishes to know what California mining camps were like in the early years of gold discovery should visit the upper valley of the Yukon in Alaska, where that picturesque epoch of which Mr. Bret Harte has so often written is reproduced on a smaller scale. Here are veritable Poker Flats, Sandy Bars, Roaring Camps, Truthful Jameses, Ah Sins and Bill Nyes. Nor are vigilance committees and trials, presided over by Judge Lynch, wanting to complete the picture. The discovery of rich placer diggings and surface gold in alluring quantities has, in a measure, revived in the far North the life of the California of the '49 era.

The "Dutch Flat" of this new Eldorado is a mining camp known as Forty Mile, situated on the Yukon at the mouth of Forty Mile Creek. Forty Mile, at last advices, had a population of nearly four hundred miners. There were a hundred and sixty shanties, three stores, and five "saloons." No white woman had arrived there. It was a pandemonium of rough bachelor life.

If by any chance an obnoxious character appears in town, he is given short notice to "quit," and it is highly unsafe to disregard such an intimation of public opinion. Such men have been seen leaving Forty Mile on the run, though they have no civilized place for a city of refuge. No railroad, no telegraph, penetrates to within a thousand miles of Forty Mile.

Two small steamboats ply on the Yukon, one owned by a trading firm, the other by Captain Healy, the pioneer of Forty Mile. These craft have somewhat reduced freight rates, yet flour at Forty Mile is worth from twelve to fifteen dollars per hundred; bacon, thirty-five cents per pound; sugar, thirty; pork, thirty-five; beans, forty cents per quart; thick woolen undergarments, seventeen dollars per pair; rubber boots, twenty dollars; and other necessities in proportion.

The mining claims about the place yielded wonderfully well last season. Experienced miners who worked hard sometimes took out from two to three hundred dollars' worth of gold in a day. Indeed, no one would work the "dirt" if it were not rich in gold, for the working season is little more than three months in a year, beginning with the middle of June. Water and timber are scarce, and frost puts the miners to great difficulty.

The country on all sides around Forty Mile is a mere mossy, stony tundra, or barren plain, with occasional patches of stunted fir and spruce, very little of which grows large enough for timber. Hares are abundant, and also a species of gray partridge. Rarely a moose is seen, and occasionally a caribou or a bear.

Some of the miners occupy themselves during the winter in trapping marten and black cat for their fur; but most of the men who remain find work either in hewing or whip-sawing, or hauling plank for the sluice-boxes of the next season, or in clearing the moss from tracts of gravel which are supposed to contain gold.

The thick moss must be cleared off so that the summer sun, which scarcely sets for several weeks, shall thaw the ground. The earth is frozen to a great depth—fifty feet, some say—but if the beds of moss are removed, the ground will thaw during June, July and August to a depth of five or six feet. Where there is "pay dirt," the miners work as deeply as the gravel thaws, and then wait until another summer enables them to go deeper.

All sorts and conditions of men make their appearance at Forty Mile, and among them some desperate characters. Two of this stamp, styling themselves brothers, and giving the name of Sterrett, came last June. Whether they had come up the Yukon from Juneau or from St. Michael's no one could find out.

They pretended to take a claim and work as miners, but really did nothing. Presently there were thefts from shanties, and the Sterretts were suspected. A deputation of miners called on them and informed them that Forty Mile would prove a "bad climate" for them after twelve o'clock that day. As they feared a bad climate, they hastened, escorted by the deputies, aboard Captain Healy's steamboat, which was about leaving on a trip up the Yukon.

At a landing which the boat made for fuel, ten miles above Forty Mile, the two outlaws sneaked ashore. One of them had a gun, and what they wanted of the weapon was known to 'Dustr'ous Bob the same day.

'Dustr'ous Bob was a miner, nineteen years of age, who worked a solitary claim some fifteen miles above Forty Mile, at a bar where a small creek joins the Yukon. He had come all the way from Pennsylvania, and somewhere on his route had picked up a worthless sort of companion, a little older than himself, known as "Dudsy." The two took a claim at Forty Mile and worked together; or rather 'Dustr'ous Bob did the work and Dudsy the playing and loafing.

As Bob was seen toiling early and late, the miners had christened him Industrious Bob, which was soon shortened to 'Dustr'ous Bob. He was really a very honest, good-hearted lad, striving to get out a handsome sum in gold to take home to his widowed mother and his younger brothers and sisters.

The older miners often advised Bob to part company with Dudsy, but Bob had become attached to the fellow and made no complaint, even when his laziness became notorious.

Their claim at Forty Mile did not prove as profitable as many others, so in September the two partners bought an Indian canoe and went prospecting on the river for several weeks. Just before the Yukon froze, they found this old creek bar, overgrown with moss, and after "cradling" there for a day or two, staked a claim for the following season.

During the winter they lived in a shanty at Forty Mile; but 'Dustr'ous Bob went along the ice on the Yukon to the new claim every few days when the weather was favorable, and did much work there, "stripping" moss, clearing away scrub and hewing out stuff for sluices. He also hunted occasionally and shot three caribou deer.

In February, Dudsy was taken ill of something like pneumonia, and in spite of all that 'Dustr'ous Bob could do for him, died in the course of twenty-four hours.

Some of the rougher miners were inclined to make a jest of 'Dustr'ous Bob's grief for his "pard," and told him bluntly that he was well rid of him. But we never feel well rid of anything we love. 'Dustr'ous Bob followed his comrade sadly to his grave in the snow, and gave him the tribute of a kindly tear.

Though now feeling very lonesome, Bob continued his preparations for working the new claim, and went up there early in June to labor hard for weeks. Having built a small shanty on the river bank near by, he now came down to Fort Mile only to buy provisions. To such of his friends as inquired how he was prospering, he replied that he was doing better than during the previous season.

Bob was hard at work on the windy morning, late in August, when the Sterretts were ordered out of Forty Mile. At about eleven o'clock that forenoon, as he was heaving gravel into his sluice-spouts, at about a hundred and fifty feet from his solitary shanty, he suddenly heard a slight noise in that direction and saw the older Sterrett, whom he had seen at Forty Mile standing at the door, pointing a carbine at him.

In his simplicity 'Dustr'ous Bob at first thought that the fellow was merely playing a prank.

"Hullo, Sterrett!" he called out. "What are you up to there?"

"You shut up and stand quiet where you are," replied the desperado, savagely, and 'Dustr'ous Bob then knew he was in danger of being murdered.

He had scarcely time to realize this, when he saw the younger Sterrett come out of the shanty. In one hand he carried the old rubber boot in which 'Dustr'ous Bob kept his gold, and in the other, Bob's carbine and small piece of bacon, which happened to be all the meat Bob had in the house.

"You scamps!" shouted the young miner. "Let my gold alone!" and in his excitement he started to run toward them. Then the elder Sterrett fired, possibly not with intent to kill, but sending a bullet so close that 'Dustr'ous Bob felt the wind of it.

Springing in another cartridge, the rascal raised the gun as if to shoot again, but lowered it at a word from his "pal." Bob was too prudent to risk his life by advancing further. The robbers then walked down to the river bank, launched 'Dustr'ous Bob's canoe, paddled across the river, and thence continued on up-stream. They had taken all the loose gold which Bob had cradled thus far, about thirteen pounds' weight, and his gun in the bargain.

As the poor fellow saw them paddling coolly away, and realized the full extent of his loss, he was nearly crazed by grief and rage. But his wits soon returned. At the landing-place lay a small raft of hewn spruce which he had recently towed across the river, for adding to the length of his sluice-spouts. He determined to make his way down to Forty Mile on the raft and summon aid.

Embarking, he poled out into mid-stream and began the voyage. But despair of being able to induce the miners there to follow up the robbers soon fell upon him. His gold, representing all his hard labor, seemed to be hopelessly gone!

Was there then nothing that he could do, save endure it? 'Dustr'ous Bob was not so much a brilliant youth as one of the slow and sure class. But an idea for the recovery of his gold suddenly flashed into his mind—an idea which his hunting experiences of the previous winter suggested to him. It would be a hazardous exploit to undertake, but he was in a desperate mood.

Instead of floating down to Forty Mile, 'Dustr'ous Bob now worked the raft across the Yukon, and landed on the opposite bank, at a point about two miles below his claim. He had resolved to follow the rascals up-stream, alone and without weapons of any kind, relying on a stratagem which had occurred to him. From his knowledge of the river he reckoned that the Sterretts would keep near this shore during the entire day, in order to avoid the strongest current.

The footing along the river bank was rough, and the country somewhat encumbered by scrubby black growth; but having taken his resolution, 'Dustr'ous Bob went on quite rapidly, threading his way among the thickets running much of the distance, and occasionally cutting off a bend.

It was now afternoon, and till sunset the resolute youngster scarcely slackened his pace except for a moment, here and there, to obtain a view along the river ahead.

A little before sunset he caught sight of the canoe and the robbers; they were paddling along the south shore about as fast as a man could walk. For nearly an hour thereafter he was able to keep them in sight, without betraying himself to them; and as dusk fell he closed up nearer. Before long the scoundrels landed, and Bob presently discerned the glimmer of a camp-fire on the bank some distance ahead.

Feeling certain now that they had camped, or at least stopped to prepare food, Bob advanced cautiously until he had come within one hundred

yards. The Sterretts were toasting the scrap of bacon. He saw them devour it, and made pretty sure that they had no other provisions. This gave him new hopes that his stratagem might prove successful.

He had some fear that they might reembark, after satisfying their hunger, and go on during the night, but soon 'Dustr'ous Bob saw that they had taken the canoe out of the river, and that the younger man was grubbing up moss for a bed before the fire. Probably they did not feel very apprehensive of pursuit, having seen their victim on the raft, floating slowly down the Yukon toward Forty Mile.

After some thought the young miner came to the conclusion that his stratagem would best be practiced in the early morning. He therefore remained quiet, and the coolness of the night kept him very wide awake. Shortly after midnight there were, for an hour or two, northern lights so very bright that 'Dustr'ous Bob could see almost as well as by day; and moving about among the low, green copses, he laid his plans.

He crept to an outstanding thicket of low, green spruce, two or three hundred yards distant, and up the river from the place where the Sterretts lay, and he also looked out a route where, under cover of other thickets, he might pass around from the first thicket to the river bank, near the camp.

When day had fairly broken, he nerved himself for a dangerous venture, which he knew would probably cost him his life if it failed.

After a sound night's rest, the two rogues roused up, and while the elder re-kindled the fire, the younger, drawing on his boots, took up a bacon bone and remarked, with an oath, that this bone seemed to be all that they had for breakfast.

"We should be able to catch some fish, or else shoot something," grumbled the other, in reply.

And at about that time, by a singular coincidence, they both heard the peculiar "cough" or hoarse whistling grunt of a caribou at a little distance, and glancing in the direction of the sound, they saw the thick, green brush of the spruce copse sway and rustle.

"Sh," whispered the one at the fire. "D'ye hear that? Caribou, sure! Out there in that brush! Quiet now, and we'll have him. You work out there, still as you can, and I'll follow along the bank up-stream, so as to catch a shot at him back of the thicket, if you start him out."

In a trice they had taken their carbines, and were moving stealthily toward the thicket. With vast caution they approached, the one crawling directly toward the copse, the other making around it to the east and south.

But meantime 'Dustr'ous Bob was skulking rapidly in his socks from thicket to thicket. He soon gainted a point near the river, not fifty yards from where the smoke of the crackling camp-fire was rising. Here he lay watching till he saw the Sterretts vanish in the thicket.

Now was his opportunity! Scud-ding along the shore, partly hidden by the bank, he slid the canoe into the water, and put in the paddles. Then he crept to the fire and took the heavy old rubber boot from the moss bed. In less than half a minute he was back in the canoe, pushing it down-stream close to the bank.

The Sterretts meantime remained peering about the thicket. But after some ten minutes spent thus they came to the conclusion that the caribou had taken fright and escaped. Cursing their luck, they walked slowly back to the camp-fire.

Not till they reached it did they suspect the ruse that had been practiced upon them. By that time 'Dustr'ous Bob was nearly half a mile away, and moving swiftly across toward the north shore.

Then the bullets flew fast, and the oaths faster still! The oaths, indeed,

(Continued on page 7)

Frederick, Md.

Friends of Mr. Leonard Downes were taken by surprise when on the late afternoon of August 15th, they beheld him about the streets. His visit in Sutton West, Canada, intended to run a month was cut short by a week. He decided to leave the country when he read in papers of prevalence of poliomyelitis. While he was reluctant to leave Canada where he made new friends among the deaf and hearing alike, and enjoyed himself so much, he was glad to return to his beloved Maryland home. He is already looking forward to another trip to Canada, that is, for the Frat convention two years hence.

Mrs. Uriah Shockley entertained her parents and family relatives from Bishop's Head on August 15th.

Mr. Murray Faupel who is employed for the summer season as office help at Blue Ridge College, took a week's respite from work to come home—August 16th-22d.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Price and little daughter, Frances, of Baltimore, spent the greater part of the afternoon of August 19th in Frederick. Mrs. Price and the girl remained at the Fraupel home, while Orlando visited friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Quinn, accompanied by mother, Mrs. Emma, and sister, Sarah, motored to Columbia, Pa., to visit relatives on the maternal side on August 22.

The school had visitors in the persons of Mr. Jeffrey Rice and Miss Molina Parker on August 28 and 29, respectively. The former was enroute to his Mid-west home. The latter was accompanied by relatives from North Carolina and were headed for Washington. Miss Parker is a Galaudetite.

Last week-end Mrs. James McVernon enjoyed a visit from her sister, who motored from Philadelphia bringing her mother, Mrs. Gilmor, along.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Swope and children, Johnny Walter and Alan Edmund, were guests of Mr. Alan Cramer August 22d, and again the week-end of August 28-29, the intervening time having been spent at the home of Mrs. Swope's mother at West River, Md. A brief call was made at the writer's home before they departed for their farm.

Mr. Marion Cramer was one of those fortunates who received invitations to the surprise birthday party which Mrs. August Herdtfelder tendered her hubby at Baltimore, Saturday night, August 28.

Mr. Lester Brown of Dayton, Md., a barber, and Mr. Roland Murray were visiting friends in the city on August 22 and 29, respectively.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kemp sailed on a Wilson line steamer to Seaside Park on Chesapeake Bay, for a day's outing August 16. Accompanying them were the following Baltimoreans: Mesdames G. Leitner, G. Brown, R. Kauffman, J. Hokemeyer, J. Scherr; Mrs. Bessie Frost, and Miss Barbara Fielder.

The sisters, Misses Edna and Ethel Hall, summering at Woodbine, Md., accompanied their sister and brother to the city and improved the time making a short call on the Faupels August 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Quinn, Miss Doris Faupel, Messrs. Marion Cramer, Arthur Winebrener and Lawrence Brode attended the annual picnic of the Maryland deaf in Baltimore August 6, and took the excursion to Tolchester Beach the following day. Mr. and Mrs. Kemp also were at the beach.

At this writing Mr. James McVernon and ye scribe are employed, the former assisting on the Peters farm with the fruit harvest, and the latter helping to pack the country's sugar corn at the Frederick City Packing Company's cannery.

Miss Elizabeth Benson returned home on August 6 after spending six weeks at Teachers' College, Columbia University. August 16th, she took

her parents on a motor trip into Pennsylvania, to spend a week with friends at Camptown, Pa. August 27th, Miss Mary Benson having finished an eleven weeks' course at Teachers' College, Harrisonburg, Va., returned, and the Benson family was complete once more. Miss Benson was elected president of Student Government, the highest office on the campus for the next summer session.

Sad indeed was the news by which friends learned, on August 12, through columns of the newspapers, that Mr. Robert Muckey had passed away. Robert, aged 19, was a fine fellow and had a promising future. He attended the Maryland School two years and was to return this month to take a college preparatory course. We last saw him on July 9, when he came to the city direct from the Jamboree, which he attended in Washington. Messrs. Harry Benson and James McVernon were present at the funeral in Baltimore. Dr. and Mrs. Bjorlee and four members of the school staff also attended.

Undoubtedly the best ball game played at McCurdy Field this summer was that on Sunday, August 29, when the Hustlers, local semi-pros, engaged the G-Men team, representing the Federal Bureau of Investigation of Washington. It was marked by brilliant fielding on both sides, and a pitching duel between our Leonard Downes and Nichols, veteran of many a battle at the Capital. Downes pitched so well that his team came out victors, the score being 4 to 1. The lone run by the visitors was scored in the last frame. Downes had taken a month's vacation and therefore no training up to the time of the game. He fanned five players, scored two hits and a run.

September 2d. F.

An Open Letter

Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Harry:

You asked me if I had written to the W. P. A. Administration at Washington about barring the deaf from employment. Yes, I did soon after you handed me one of the letters from the State W. P. A. Commissioner, at the school reunion last year. I enclosed that letter, telling Mr. Hopkins I thought that he had the power to correct all errors and let able bodied deaf work. His reply was that on account of their physical impairment they might get hurt while working. I wrote back asking him if he would be physically impaired should he become deaf? Would the deaf hurt themselves using shovels, pickaxes, hammers, saws, wheel barrowing, etc? If he thought that the deaf should not work, would he help to have Congress pass laws pensioning them.

I also wrote a sarcastic letter to the State Industrial Commissioner about some bills introduced in the Legislature at different times against defectives and the handicapped. I suggested to them some new laws to be enacted, debarring the deaf from using sidewalks and crossing streets, for they might get hit by bicycles and autos. Forbid them to use hammers and saws for they might smash and cut their hands, or using razors for they might cut their faces shaving, or keeping vest knives for they might cut their thumbs sharpening pencils. They are to be isolated and starved.

Now Mr. Commissioner, don't you think that the words defectives and handicapped should be stricken out of silly labor laws. Let everybody work to support themselves? I saw one of the Assembly men two weeks ago. I asked him about those bills. He said that they killed in committee.

I had a wonderful time in Chicago attending the N. A. D. Convention. I was disappointed about Mr. Sedlow not being rechosen secretary-treasurer. He was a good officer and a pusher. I think that the N. A. D. should have a Nominating Committee who would pick candidates for the offices.

Yours, etc.,

FRANK MURRAY

BOB'S STRATAGEM

(Continued from page 6)

may have disturbed the accuracy of the shooting. Rage and chagrin are not conducive to good rifle practice. One ball struck the canoe, but the others skipped harmlessly past it.

Late the following evening, 'Dustrous Bob appeared at Forty Mile, and entering one of the boarding shanties, ate so prodigious a supper of bacon, biscuits and canned goods, that the proprietor felt justified in demanding an eighth of an ounce of gold dust, or two dollars and a half for it, which was duly weighed out from the old rubber boot.

The young miner then carried the boot, for safer keeping, into Captain Healy's cellar, which was then the "safety deposit vault" of Forty Mile, and almost immediately afterward fell asleep on a bench. He was awakened with difficulty at nine o'clock next morning.

During the forenoon he bought a new carbine at the store and went back to his claim; and it is characteristic of him that he mentioned the exploit which he had performed to but a single acquaintance.

All Angels' Church for the Deaf

(Episcopal)

1151 Leland Ave. Chicago, Illinois (One block north of Wilson Ave. "L" station, and one-half block west).

REV. GEORGE F. FLICK, Priest-in-charge. MR. FREDERICK W. HINRICH, Lay-Reader. Church services, every Sunday at 11 A.M., Holy Communion, first and third Sundays of each month.

Social Supper, second Wednesday of each month, 6:30 P.M., with entertainment following at 8 P.M.

Get-together socials at 8 P.M., all other Wednesdays. (Use Racine Ave. entrance) Minister's address, 6336 Kenwood Avenue.

Central Oral Club, Chicago

Organized 1908—Incorporated 1925

The Oldest Club for the Oral Deaf in Chicago. Socials and Cards Second Sunday of each month from September to and including June. Entree: 7:30 P.M. Atlantic Hotel, 316 South Clark Street, Hall K, Mezzanine Floor. Convenient location and transportation.

Send all communication to Mrs. Sadie McElroy, 227 Englewood Ave. (Apt. 210), Chicago, Ill.

Chicago League of Hebrew Deaf

Organized December, 1924

Incorporated May, 1925

Club Rooms—2707 West Division St. Chicago, Ill.

The First and the Only Society of the Hebrew Deaf in Chicago

Socials and cards, first Sunday of each month from October to and including June. Literary and other special programs announced in the Chicago column from time to time.

Our Savior Lutheran Church

The Rev. Ernest Scheibert, Pastor

1400 N. Ridgeway Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Services—10:00 A.M., May to September; 2:30 P.M., October to April.

Holy Communion on the first Sunday of the month. Preaching in speech and the sign-language. Hearing friends invited to special services. We preach salvation through faith in Jesus Christ—"Come and we will do thee good."

SOCIETIES

The Silent Lutheran Club
Lutheran Deaf-Mute Ladies' Aid Society.

Silent Athletic Club, Inc., of Philadelphia, Pa.

3529 Germantown Avenue

Club-rooms open to visitors during week-ends, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and during holidays.

Business meeting every second Friday of the month.

Socials every Fourth Saturday.

John E. Dunner, President. For information write to Morton Rosenfeld, Secretary, 4652 N. Camac Street, Philadelphia.

Hebrew Association of the Deaf of Philadelphia

Jefferson Manor at S. W., corner of Broad and Jefferson Streets.

Meets first Sunday evening of each month from 3 to 5:30 P.M.

Rooms open for Socials Saturdays and Sundays.

For information, write to Jacob Brodsky, President, or Mrs. Sylvan G. Stern, Secretary, 5043 N. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City

REV. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar

Church services every Sunday at 11 A.M. during June, July and August. Change to afternoon service, 4 P.M., will be made Sunday, September 12th.

Holy Communion, first Sunday of each month, 11 A.M.

Office Hours.—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoon, 2 to 5. Evening, 7 to 9. Daily except Sunday.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday evening each month except July, August and September, at St. Mark's Parish House, 230 Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Benjamin Ash, Secretary, 1446 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Anna Feger, chairman of the Entertainments, wishes to remind all of the socials the last Saturday of each month. From the Nevins Street station (I. R. T. subway) or the DeKalb Avenue station (B. M. T.), take the DeKalb trolley car and stop at Adelphi Street.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Temple Beth-El, 76th St., Cor. 5th Ave.

Meets Third Sunday at 8 P.M. of the month. Information can be had from Mrs. Tanya Nash, Executive Director, 4 East 76th Street, New York City; or Mrs. Joseph C. Sturtz, Secretary, 1974 Grand Ave., New York City.

Religious Services held every Friday evening at 8:30. Athletic and other activities every Wednesday evening. Socials First and Third Sunday evenings. Movies Third Wednesday of the month.

Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S.

English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Louis Baker, President; Louis Cohen, Secretary; 421 Logan Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ephpheta Society for the Catholic Deaf, Inc.

St. Francis Xavier College, 30 West 16th Street, New York City

For any information regarding Ephpheta Society communicate direct to either:

George Lynch, President, 712 East 237th St., New York City.

Catherine Gallagher, Secretary, 129 West 98th Street, New York City.

The Theatre Guild of the Deaf

The only one of its kind in America

Membership, 50 Cents per year

Dr. E. W. Nies, President

For information write to: J. P. McArdle, Secretary, 419 West 144th Street, New York City. Send membership fees to Henry Stein, Jr., 175 West 93d Street, New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursday of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. James H. Quinn, President; Joseph F. Mortiller, Secretary, 711 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

Special Employment Service for the Deaf

In New York City three schools for the deaf, New York School, Lexington School and St. Joseph's School, maintain a Special Employment and Vocational Counseling Service for the Deaf. This service is in cooperation with the New York State Employment Service at 124 East 28th Street, New York City. Miss Margarette B. Helmle, the Special Representative, is in charge.

Office hours are Monday and Wednesday from 9 to 12 A.M. and 2 to 4 P.M., also Fridays from 9 to 11 A.M., without appointment. Appointments may be made for other days by letter or telephone. If you are working and wish to talk about your job with Miss Helmle, she will be glad to see you after working hours, by appointment.

Miss Helmle will be glad to consult with any deaf person needing assistance in employment, work problems, vocational training advice, or any other problem you may wish to discuss with her. She may be able to help you settle misunderstandings and difficulties regarding your work, salary, or any other troubles that may need adjusting, so that you will be able to keep your job.

New York State

News items for this column and subscriptions should be sent to William M. Lange Jr., 57 Dove Street, Albany, N. Y.

Ye correspondent is typing this, dressed in a bathing suit, and a six-day growth of beard. A breeze rippled lake and shady trees form the background for the typewriter. Last week's vacation at Nassau Lake was too much for us, and after sticking it out for a week in the you-know-what-the-city-is-this-summer we had to come back again for another week to recuperate. This time, besides the wife and the kids, Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Ruckdeschel of Providence, R. I., joined us. The six of us are having a fine time loafing, eating, swimming, raising beards, joking, horse-playing, and trying to catch turtles.

Ever try to catch a turtle? You go out in the blazing sun on the lake, and row to a patch of weeds, the denser the better. Then, while one rows through the weed patch (which is harder than trying to reach the rear of a big store on dollar day) the other stands in the bow of the boat trying to find among the hundreds of weed ends that stick up above the surface of the water, the identical appearing nose of a turtle. Then you try to sneak up on it and grab it. Ninety-seven times out of a hundred it ducks below into the weeds while you are still five feet away. Two more times out of the hundred it lets you come to two feet. The last time it lets you touch it or even get your hand on it before it wriggles down into the maze of green entwining weeds. Then you start all over again.

Makes us think of the way people go about trying to get some easy money. It isn't hard to find chances of getting easy money. They are all over. Every other fellow is always trying to show you how to get it. But once you try, it's as hard to land as it is to land a turtle. The easy money always (more often than turtles, anyway) slips away just when you think you have it, in a maze of subterfuge, lies, fake promises, and technicalities of the confidence man. It's cheaper trying to catch turtles. All it costs is some patience, energy, sunburn, and sweat. The turtles are gentlemen. They don't slip away with all your hard earned cash. And, after all, it's fun.

Most of the deaf in this state seem to be doing the same as we are; going off to camp. We hear so little from them, and see so few of them, that it seems to us they are all away. Let's hope so.

Charles Lydecker learned to swim so well in the children's pool near his home that he outgrew it. So his mother, one of Albany's popular young matrons, took him up to his aunt's camp on Lake George, so he could tackle a larger body of water. Charles will soon be returning to Fanwood, in New York City, to tell his schoolmates how he dived down and flirted with the mermaids in the big lake.

The Joseph Cermaks of Schenectady have a camp up near Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. Recent guests there were the Milton Harris' of Albany, Joseph Szymanski and the Robert Eldredges of Schenectady.

Miss Rosa Halpen, of Medina, who was recently very ill, is slowly recovering her strength, to the extent that she is now able to be up and about. The trouble was traced to a tooth that should have been removed when she was a child, but was left in, to be overgrown and buried in her jaw. After causing much trouble over more than a score of years it is now out, and where it can never again harm anyone.

On Saturday, August 21, a party was given by Mrs. F. W. Messenger, of Buffalo, in honor of Mrs. Robert Heacock (Iva Ford), who was recently married. About twenty guests were present. Mrs. Heacock was

presented with a Mix-Master, probably so she can make cakes to serve to the gang when next they drop in.

Mrs. Fred McKee and her daughter, from Malone, who recently spent a week at Lake George, came down to Schenectady, where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bedell, at whose home she also met James Trainor, an old friend of hers.

Seattle

(Continued from page 1)

Mrs. Ralph Pickett had the Seattle ladies' monthly luncheon in charge at Woodland Park, August 12, with many good things to eat and a game of bridge. Fine prizes were presented to Mrs. John Soja and Mrs. John Hood. The fourteen ladies present reported a great time, with favorable weather prevailing.

The day before Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Hammond left for their Los Angeles home, they were the honor guests of Mrs. Edna Bertram at a party, August 16th.

Mrs. Wescott, a widow, is the latest addition to our silent colony. She and her married daughter moved from Los Angeles to Anacortes and then to Seattle, in the neighborhood of Mr. and Mrs. True Partridge. Miss Stearns, one of our young ladies, keeps her company while Mrs. Wescott's two daughters go out to work.

Mrs. Hilda Aarhans has been at Harborview Hospital for a week, having undergone an operation for the removal of a tumor on her back near the shoulder.

It was Clarence Thom's misfortune to have his foot injured for the third time, the past two or three years. His bicycle skidded on the wet pavement when he tried to avoid a turning water truck and his toes were crushed. He received treatment at Ballard General Hospital for several days. The doctor thinks he will be unable to return to his work at the City Ice Co., October 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Brown have been painting and papering the inside of their home this month. They know how to manage things on their old age pensions. From appearance this is far better than living at a Home for the Aged and Infirm.

Mrs. John Adams was shocked to get a wire from the east announcing the sudden passing of her hearing brother a few days ago. Friends extend sympathy.

Alma, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Adams, who graduated from Mayo Hospital last fall and immediately secured employment there, is visiting her parents in Renton on her six weeks' vacation. She and her chum went to California and Canada for a pleasure trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hollinger, who came here a few weeks ago from Yakima, and who stopped with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pickett, have taken an apartment. They are in great hopes of finding employment soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Lucas went back to Selah, near Yakima, where Martin was employed in a cleaning establishment before they motored out here to try for work. Jobs are not plentiful, especially for strangers.

Word came from Yakima about the birth of a husky little fellow at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Deveraux. Congratulations. The Deverauxs have been married for thirteen years. Good Luck.

Mrs. Violet Johnson Grant, of Northern Canada, decided to stretch her visit in Kent till October so she can see her other Seattle friends. Come over, Violet, we have not forgotten you and your winning ways.

While Mrs. Partridge was entertaining her sister from Los Angeles, she had Miss Mildred Skoglund and Jack Sackville-West of Spokane, over at her house for the night when they came to register at the University of Washington. Mrs. Partridge opened her house too to the ladies of her neighborhood for a prospective blessed event for one of her hearing friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Brown went

to the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Claire Reeves on their invitation and enjoyed every minute of their visit. The freshly picked corn was delicious.

Mrs. Pauline Gustin returned home, August 24, after ten days visit with Mrs. Gromachy in Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Gromachy were preparing for a trip back east, September 1st.

Mrs. Victoria Smith and her sister took an excursion boat to Victoria, British Columbia, last week, and looked around the quaint city. She went to the post-office but found that George Riley was working his two weeks' night schedule.

Mrs. Editha Ziegler arranged a bridal shower for Joan Grace Wright, Saturday. There were numerous gifts. Mrs. N. C. Garrison left for Camano Island before refreshments were served.

August 29th.

PUGET SOUND

Frances C. H. Waitt Engaged to Esmond Brown Gardner

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Frances Carlene Haines Waitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Weymer Hinckley Waitt of this city and Ardsley-on-Hudson, to Esmond Brown Gardner, son of Mrs. Isaac B. Gardner, also of New York, and the late Mr. Gardner.

Miss Waitt, who is a member of the New York Junior League, was introduced to society during the Autumn of 1932. She attended the Masters School at Dobbs Ferry, the Spence School in this city and Mlle. Toutain's French School.

On her mother's side, the prospective bride is descended from Warner Mifflin, cousin of Thomas Mifflin, a president of the Continental Congress and first Governor of the State of Pennsylvania. Through her father she is a descendant of Thomas Hinckley, Governor of Plymouth Colony until the union with Massachusetts in 1692.

Mr. Gardner was graduated from Princeton University and from the business and law schools of New York University. He is descended from Thomas Gardner, who came to this country in 1624 and settled in Nantucket, and from Benjamin Chambers, prominent in Colonial days and founder of Chambersburg, Pa. A member of the Princeton Club, Miss Waitt's fiancée is a member also of the New York bar and is an assistant trust officer in the Chase National Bank.

The wedding will take place next month.—N. Y. Times, Sept. 5.

NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from page 1)

Friends of Mr. Seymour Gomprecht remembered he would reach his sixtieth milestone during August and on that occasion gathered together and helped him celebrate it in an appropriate manner. He was the recipient of a nice gift.

Mr. Felix Simonson reached the 60th anniversary of his birth recently. His brother surprised him by inviting quite a gathering of his many friends to help him celebrate it in style. A happy and jovial crowd it was, and Mr. Simonson was well remembered.

Mr. Kaple Greenberg was upstate in Newburgh over the Labor Day holiday.

Miss Harriet M. Hall has returned from a trip to Niagara Falls, N. Y., and will spend the remainder of her vacation in Washington, D. C.

RESERVED

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23

Saturday Eve., February 12, 1938

Entertainment and Ball

RESERVED FOR

ST. ANN'S FAIR

December 2-3-4, 1937

Particulars later

Detroit

Mr. and Mrs. P. Eisenhart and their sons went to Deer Park in Upper Peninsula with Mrs. Harry Brown and Clarence McKenize on July 21st. to camp and fish. One night they prepared for their beds. Mrs. Brown preferred to sleep in the car and after midnight two bears prowled around their places. Mrs. Brown felt something shaking and saw the bears, and she was so scared she blew the horn to wake up the Eisenharts' sons, but they slept soundly. Mrs. Brown couldn't sleep after that because she wanted to watch the bears till they left their tents.

Majorie Waters, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. H. B. Waters, spent one month visit with her parents and brothers. She has returned to her aunt in Jefferson City, Mo.

Jack Waters, one of our foremost swimmers, was in Flint for two days, learning and passing the difficult Life Savers examination. He was presented with a bathing suit and an emblem.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lynch have been spending their vacation in New York City. Mr. and Mrs. Lobsinger will accompany the Lynchs when they return to Detroit.

Mrs. George Davies went to Burnside, Pa., where she attended the funeral of her mother, 81 years old.

Miss Marie Potts and Mr. Stanley Jendritz were united in marriage on July 10th at St. Rose Catholic Church. Mr. Jendritz was educated at the Olathe, Kansas, School for the Deaf, where he was widely known as a fine basketball player. Mrs. Jendritz is a product of the Detroit Day school.

Mrs. Frances McSparin was accompanied by Miss Helena Warsaw on a bus trip to Chicago, Ill., to attend the N. A. D. convention last July. They reported that they both had a good time. Miss Warsaw won a prize at playing "500". Mrs. Nelson of Detroit won the first prize.

Mr. Joseph Pastore has returned to his own trade as tailor and presser, having recently started a cleaning business on Puritan and Livernois.

Jack Waters has returned from his two months stay in Traverse City where he worked in a canning factory, and expects to go there again next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Bosseth motored to St. Louis, Mo., where they visited for a week, greatly to their enjoyment.

Mrs. Sawhill and Mrs. Emma Hannan left for Columbus, Ohio, to attend the Alumni Reunion at the School for the Deaf last Thursday.

Rev. and Mrs. Waters and their daughter, Majorie, have left for the Reunion at Missouri School for the Deaf.

Cyril Bourcier spent one month at the home of his grandma and folks at St. Louis, Mich., at present he is visiting with another grandmother and folks in Washington, Mich. He expects to be home after Labor Day. Margaret Bourcier spent one week at St. Louis also visiting her grandmother and Aunt.

Mrs. Edward Homan's parents celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at their present residence, one and one-half miles north of Portland, on Sunday, July 25th. They were presented with a beautiful gold floor lamp, and all enjoyed the hearty dinner. Their children and their family from Grand Ledge, Lansing and Detroit were there.

MRS. L. MAY

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, \$2.00 a year, \$1.00 for six months.

RESERVED

30th ANNIVERSARY BANQUET

Hebrew Association of the Deaf of Philadelphia

Saturday, December 18, 1937

Full particulars later